

To Rolla Swanson

Our charming corner church
fills and drains each week
like a religious rain barrel,
housing harmonious humans
an hour or two,
who then flow out into
the rivers and gutters of living,
bouncing and banking,
filing to the fullness
of the sky-sucked sea
for relief, and relife.

Numb need flows along
these sine-wave streams.
The men need the
women need the
children need the
future.

This needful flow of living
winds through a riverbed of love,
which was and will be,
with wax and wane,
as long and long
as water will be wet.